THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 6.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of the Essay upon the Effects of the French Revolution on the Arts and Sciences in Europe, and that which their decline may produce on Taste in this Country.

THE circumstances I have already mentioned are far from being the only evilswhich have radically attacked the empire of Taste.

In overturning the order of society, in agitating it with so much violence, the dregs have arisen to the surface. Hordes of ignorant soldiers, and contemptible stock jobbers, gorged with the blood of their neighbours and their countrymen ; men without education, without learning, without sentiment, having only that vulgarity of taste, which early habit had thaught them, became the sole proprietors of the wealth of the nation. From fanatic and furious *Levellers,** they supposed themselves suddenly metamorphosed into illustrious *Patricians* because capricious fortune had amused herself in raising them to power, as suddenly as Sancho Pancho was transformed into a mighty lord.

These *Saturnalia*† would have been only ridiculous, if the insufferable self-sufficiency of these upstarts ; a self-sufficiency which was the necessary consequence of the blindness of their ignorance, the intoxication of their unheard of good fortune, and the impunity of their exactions, had not introduced tasteless luxury, accompanied by sordid meanness, wherever they triumphed, whilst the indiscriminate prodigality, which led them to exhaust millions in vain parade, offered no resource to real talent.

Thus not to speak of the wasteful profusion which these extortioners daily exhibit in their vile orgies ; they readily lavish 2 or 3000 dollars for a *Bed a la Grecque*, that they may awkwardly repose their ridiculous and ignoble persons, on cushions, which should alone be devoted to caressing the beauteous contours of Venus or Armida.

But let a man who has consumed himself in long and expensive studies ; a man whose genius alone, would suffice to constitute the glory of the country which gave him birth, offer to these barbarians a piece worthy of being cased in gold : Let it be represented to them that this author or this artist, is compelled to live by his talents and that he should meet encouragement—Oh! it is then that these Goths will display in its nudity all the baseness and ignominy of their primitive characters. It is then that they will shamefully bargain for the master-piece of genius, and endeavour to beat it down below its value, as they disputed at the time of the assignats their plunders of of the land-holders, and the creditors of the Government, whom they were about to reduce to the horrors of famine.....and when they have seized their prey at the lowest price possible, they exact if they can, credit for its payment in order to withold the whole or a part of the sum due. While in the mean time they make the utmost of the money, to the last week, the last hour, the man of talent, struggling against the penury which overwhelms him, loses at once the ease as well as the elasticity of

* Levellers: a faction of Cromwell's Party, who insisted on perfect equality, whom he very soon drove away, after having made use of them to accomplish his plan of usurpation, or tyranny, which are indeed synonomous terms.

† Saturnalia were festivals, celebrated at Rome, from the 15th to the 21st of December, during which according to general opinion, as well as the authority of Lucian & Athenæus, the *course of justice was suspended*, and all business except that of the kitchen was interdicted. This was the carnival of the ancients: as long as it lasted, the slaves *changed cloathes and condition with their masters* & were even suffered to jeer them with impunity.

mind, so necessary to render genius fertile. Such is the encouragement now given to merit. Oh ! ages of Alexander, Pericles and Augustus ! great ages of the Medici and Louis XIV. is it thus that you were immortalized ? ?

But it will be asked, have they not assembled in Paris, a magnificent collection of antique statues, paintings of all the schools, precious medals, immense Libraries and curiosities of every species ? Yes, without doubt, *I know it too well* : they have plundered Italy, Egypt, Holland, and a considerable part of the rest of Europe, as well as all the ancient provinces of France itself, to furnish the museum of Paris. But these precious remains, are there, only the trophies of *military pride*, and not those of a love for the arts : I will say further, that it is precisely this gathering of these riches, that should make us tremble for the arts, since we see all their treasures, hitherto dispersed amongst many nations now re-united on the most volcanic point of the universe and delivered in short to the disposal of the very same persons, from whom, it is hardly yet 9 years, since they were saved at the utmost peril.

Who could pretend to assert, that France does not evidently nourish within herself, the germs of the most terrible *Military Revolutions* ? certainly no man of common sense, unless in the pay of its government ; because having in the last seventeen years exhausted every *known* form of government, from monarchy to anarchy, and as an inevitable consequence, from anarchy to *military despotism* : nothing is now left for them to try, but the system of Prætorian guards *; and this is what certainly awaits them, with the horrors, by which it must be attended.

I would then ask, what in the midst of these commotions will become of those admirable collections, which have hitherto remained *unique* in Europe and in the whole world ?

Those acquainted with their local situation will tremble still more for these magnificent collections, as they well know that they are deposited in the very quarter of the government, where in case of a political crisis, the first blow will be levelled as it has hitherto always been the case in every revolutionary explosion.

* The Prætorian Guard with the Romans, was a chosen cohort, who had higher pay than any of the other troops. They were always placed near the general, whose zent was called in latin *Prætorium* from whence the Guard derived the name of Prætorian. The same thing has been instituted by the generals and the chief of the government in France, under the title of *Corps des Guides*. The Prætorian Guards, ultimately became the arbiters of the empire, putting their emperors to death, and chusing others, *ad libitum*.

Every thing then concurs, even that which would have seemed most calculated to promote them, to extinguish the last hope for the arts and sciences. I have passed rapidly in reviewthe causes of the dreadful alterations in morals, education, and the arts ; I will now investigate the state of Literature, and the disastrous influence it must experience from the present political state of all the people of the ancient continent. Perhaps after this examination, the important consequences I would draw from it with regard to America will be granted : I would demonstrate from thence, how interesting it is to form taste as rapidly as possible, in order to enable this country, to gather the precious spoils which this extraordinary occasion will present, and which will never be a second time repeated.

" *La publicitè est la sauve-garde du peuple,*"* said one of the oracles, I should have said one of the ephemeral idols of the French people ;† and what he said of the liberty of the press, with regard to politics, may be applied with no less justice to literature, of which, the liberty which is its element, has so much influence on morals and public freedom.

And in fact without this independance of mind, without this liberty of the press, how, as Boileau has expressed it, can irony and satire give point to the *pleasant and the useful*; how *can they by exposing the errors of the times, make vice turn pale even under a canopy, and vindicate reason from the outrages of fools ?* ‡

It is then incontestible, that the moment the pen or the tongue ie restrained ; the moment we are compelled to offer incense or even to appear blind to the vices, and to compromise with the follies of the day, despotism reigns with impunity, and ignorance, impertinence and folly obtain exlusive privileges, if, as Bailly has again said, it be true that " *il n'y a point de genie sans mouvement,*"‖ we may judge of the degree of brutalization, to which a nation is descending, where no literary or political discussion can take place, where the press is controuled, and terror—*yes terror*, whatever may be its various disguises, extinguishes all confidence amongst citizens, even amongst relatives ; and consequently restrains all sallies of wit, useful raillery, instructive discussions and salutary opposition.

* " The liberty of the press is the safeguard of the people."

† Sylvain Bailly, first Mayor of Paris, in 1789. a learned man, famous for his knowledge in astronomy. His tragical end, the consequence of his political blunders, reminds us of the lesson given by Æsop, in his story of the Astrologer, who while he was studying the stars tumbled into a well.

‡ ix satire.

§ Letters upon the origin of the arts and the sciences, with the people of Asia.

‖ Genius can never remain inactive.

Under such circumstances, all men of real talent, all whose minds are above the vulgar, who have any nerve, any elevation of character, any delicacy of soul, any love for their country, must of course be reduced to silence; since the principles of taste, of reason and of justice they might defend, would indubitably be treated as *dangerous* and *contemptuous*, towards the authorities of the day; and in short, the publication of truth and good sense would be punished as incendiary attacks and as a crime against the state.

Who then will venture to write; who will dare to prove that they know how to think, when no choice is left them, but between insignificant trifles or abject meannesses, since every political, historical, moral or dramatic subject, as well as *every* subject of literature, whatever may be its nature, is circumscribed, and enchained for reasons of state, which equally influence, although in an inverted sense, all the governments of the world, conquerors, conquered, or neuter; *England* alone excepted.

In France and its surrounding *satrapies** the police imperiously exact, that every manuscript be delivered to them before the publication of the work. What writer, jealous of the propriety of his sentiments, the integrity of his principles, his literary reputation, his dignity as a *man*, would consent to deliver the fruits of his long midnight toils into hands so well known in general, *at least* as *suspicious*, and whose power is so unlimited? In fact they correct, suppress, add, and arbitrarily mutilate whatever the abject servitude of the clerks, or rather the mutes, † prompt them blindly to extinguish in the labours of another, in order to give a proof of their devotion to the *idol* a la mode, and his subaltern despots, from whom they have every thing to hope as well as to fear.

The personal interest of the wretched inquisitors who reign in these gloomy dens, is another cause, to which, however little attention is paid, which must benumb genius, and that is the facility and the impunity with which plagiarism is every day committed, without any possibility of redress or reclamation, and which destroys emulation, by robbing the real proprietor of his right.

* This word is derived from Persia, the provinces of which were under the military government of absolute chiefs, called satraps, who were again under the despotic authority of the Grand Monarque. These *satrapies* are what are in Turkey called *Pachalis*, and in Italy *Prefettura*.

† The Grand Seignor has in his seraglio, *Eunuchs*, *Dwarfs* and *Mutes*, for despots cannot suffer whatever is *man* to surround them. It is generally mutes, who are charged with bearing the cord, to those whom the *Porte* has condemned to be strangled.

If an author, to obtain the liberty of publication, has voluntarily given a manuscript or a plan to these despotic commissioners; or that his works have been seized with his person by virtue of one of those *mandats d'arret*, which daily strike, *ad libitum* all who do not with a good grace bow their heads down to the dust (or rather the mud) his work, abandoned to the clutches of this greedy pack, circulates in their impenetrable labyrinth, until it becomes the prey of one of those monsters of tyranny, who, minotaur-like, devour without hesitation every thing that can excite their insatiable avidity. And if the author can escape their ferocity, it will not be till he has relinquished to these persecutors, the labours of his whole life, and the hopes of his fortune and his fame.

When then this evil is known by such innumerable examples, and that it has not ceased to press upon literature for seventeen years; what man rather than yield to so shameful and fatal a slavery, would not prefer smothering the productions of his genius, like those unfortunate beings, who destroy the deplorable fruits of their tenderness, rather than suffer the horror of seeing them reduced to the same bondage under which they themselves groan.

Whatever those may say who speak with emphasis, of the noble encouragement, at present given in France to letters & the arts: it is thus that the honey of the industrious bee, is devoured by the ferocious, parasitical, voracious, and lazy wasp, and it is thus, that discouragement, and disgust palsy the nerve of genius.

If we go still farther back into the history of letters during the revolution, we shall easily trace the origin of the decline of *eloquence*.

It is well known that in 1789 the famous primary assemblies were convoked, from whence speedily arose those clubs and the convention, which as is said by Hosea* "have sown the wind, and shall reap the whirlwind," with which the earth has been for so long a time and is still afflicted.

In these political or popular assemblies, every one aimed at who should be most turgid, in voice, images and expressions. A number of young men became the demagogues of these multitudes. They were just from College; their taste was not yet formed, they mistook bombast, pathos, and antithesis, and amplification, for the sublime. Every decent and prudent man was hissed; all rational discourses, of a pure diction, were considered as dull nonsense, while the violence of these phrenetics, very soon drove from their rendezvous, every one whose

* Hosea chap. 8. ver. 12.

information, taste or good sense, might have served them as guides.

Certain of the applauses of those, more ignorant than themselves, these new masters of eloquence fresh in the recollection of what they had learnt in the classes they had just left, practised plagiary without restraint and with an impunity which has rendered it so common, finding it no less convenient than it is pernicious, since it precludes, the necessity of toil and study.

But very soon the lowest mechanics disputed the place with these new *models*, and forced them to go *en masse* to the frontiers, where death very soon snatched so vast a number, and thus extinguished even the remembrance of former studies.

The rostrum now surrendered at discretion, from the dominion of quackery and folly, to that of barbarism and fury, became in the very last degree ridiculous and degraded.

I can here only slightly glance at the consequences of terror & emigration upon stlye & taste, and at the encouragements which the *great* formerly gave to the arts, when they could dispose in their favour of so considerable a part of the riches of the state. But it will be easily felt that the dispersion of academies and congregations; of the bodies of magistracy, and the most polished classes of society, the subversion and the ruin of so many *European courts* must alone have necessarily occasioned a kind of total and sudden eclipse of the purity of their various languages.

This truth cannot be doubted by those, who know, that courts, not less than academies and tribunals, have been justly considered as the undisputed standards of all the delicacies of elocution, which are to eloquence, as is grace to beauty.

No, the commotion which threw the Atlantic* between the two hemispheres, was not more rapid; the ocean which has separated them since that remote period is not more immense, than the difference which the vortex in which Europe has been involved, has created between the former & the now existing opinions of its inhabitants, between their original, and their present character, and consequently between their tastes and their inclinations.

Since the fall of the throne of Henry IV. now buried under the ruins of so many other thrones, as well as beneath the mountebank stages, on which the game of Royalty is every where played; all theatrical pieces and public papers can be written only by the factious and the ignorant, or by the order of the faction in power. Therefore as no one can without peril, attack these crude and dangerous rhapsodies, since their success is inseparable from the cause of the passions of the masters they flatter, and who protect them, a deluge of productions and pamphlets have penetrated every where, infesting every class of society with innovations, sophisms, bad taste, and a thousand grammatical heresies, every one of these evils more revolting than the other. Such has been the general degradation, to which for so many years, incense has been offered under the title of REGENERATION; and consequently it has been impossible to exhibit all the inconveniencies and the evils which must necessarily be its result.

But let it not be supposed that this gloomy picture is that of France alone; it is the faithful representation of all that part of Europe, which bends beneath her yoke. I know that but slight attention is paid to these events, however important they may be, to the whole universe, and therefore I think it right to arrest a moment's attention, to the numerous parts of the learned world, who participate in the same system, that is, in the same subjection, the same dangers and the same miseries which now overwhelm France. M. A.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Wolffe's "Sketches on a Tour in the South of Europe," although not entitled to rank with the best productions of the kind, are nevertheless, spoken favourably of by the London reviewers, and are allowed to be written in the style of a gentleman and a scholar. There are many parts which deserve particular attention, but I have selected for you the two following descriptions, which were recommended to me perhaps by the strong contrast between the scenes, or by the great sprightliness and vivacity with which I think they are made.

"Strolling into the coffee room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles one day at the hour of dining, I could not avoid remarking the manners of the different people and the effect of various languages on the ear of a stranger. Several people were assembled, either at dinner, reading the news-papers, taking ices, or ordering whatever suited their palate. A little full-dressed, hungry, meagre Frenchman, *bossu avec des jambes longues et un nez crochu* with his

* According to the authority of Plato, and several other learned authors, amongst whom, I shall only cite Father Kircker, in his mundus sub-terraneus; it is believed that there formerly existed between Africa and America, an immense island, called the *Atlantic Isle*, which extended from the Canaries to the Azores, and which being swallowed up in an Earthquake, formed what is at present called the Atlantic Ocean.

napkin tucked under his chin,and devouring a sallad with impatient gestures, was at every mouthful vociferating, *Garçon ! Garçon !* the latter arriving out of breath, with big drops of symptomatic heat, emitting from his brows : *Quoi diable, Garçon, est ce donc comme ça qu'on fait des attentions ici ? Il y a plus d'un quart d'heure que j'ai appellé, et personne ne vient appellez-vous çela être bien servi ? Qu' avez vous donc pour diner ? Donnez moi la carte sur le champ*"—"*Eh bien Monsieur la voila*" *Voyons un peu !* taking a magnifying eye glass out of his pocket, which, by the reflection of the candles, served to set the bill of fare on fire.

Bouilli à la sauce,
Du ros-bif à l' Angloise,
Cabillau à la sauce blanche,
Demi canard roti, ou aux navets,
Quarré de mouton en chevreuil, ou à la reine,
Poitrine de mouton panée grilléé,
Fricandeau à l'ozeille, ou a la dauphine,
Des epinards au jus,
Omelette aux pommes,
Poudin au riz,
Oeufs au miroir,
Macaroni, &c. &c.

A blustering German Baron six feet high, surrounded by dishes, none of which seemed to please or satisfy him, was muttering to himself, "*Was Tenfel ! donner wetter ! hat er mir gegeben ? Dis can ich bey meiner secle micht essen*"—What the devil, thunder and lightening has he given me ? By my soul this is not eatable ! *Garcon ! fien ici tonc* "*Eh bien, me voila, Monsieur, que vous plait il ?*" "*Ke tiable kes que ça qu'on m' apport ? Me prend on per en pete savage ke je pis mange, ceci ou cela in-ci ke tous vos otres tiables te plats he ?*" "*Mais monsieur*, (said the waiter, with an humble and submissive tone of voice) *je vous assure que toutes est bon dans notre maison, et*" "*Et quoi tonc, Monsieur Hans Wurst ! foila des raisonments toujours tes tomesteques quant on temante kek chose, c'est les Carcons de nous faire tes tisputes tes kerelles ! donner blicksum allez fou au tiable, et dit a ton maitre qu'il fient ici—Tiable ! der verfluchten kerl mient das man hier mit alles zvfieden seyn muss.*—The cursed rascal conceives that one must here be satisfied with every thing"—at this moment, an English naval officer entered the room, who, going to a table, was recognized by an old acquaintance, his countryman ; "Ah, George, my worthy, who the d---l would have thought of seeing you in France ? How are you ?" "Why, Bedford, G—d damme, where do you come from ? (replied the other) I thought you were safely lodged in Old England, among the loungers in Bond-Street, by G—d !" "No, I'm on my travels with my tutor ." "Are you ? well I'm d—d glad to see you, by G—d ! Let's sit down and crack a bottle of Burgundy together. Here, you waiter, garçon, Scaramouch, what's your name, lay the cloth, and bring a bill of fare, d'ye hear ? *Monsieur*, (said the waiter, staring) *me no understand Inglish.* You dont, hey ! Why then, G—d damme, tell your master to send us a fellow that does. (another arriving.) Here you son of a land lubber, bring in something decent to eat. None of your black broths, cursed fricasée of frogs, or half-starved rabbits ragoued up into a kickshaw ; some beef damme, plain roast is good enough for me, by G—d." "*Oui, Monsieur, vous aurez le ros-bif tout de suite.*" This interesting conversation, and a volley of expletives was checked by a large Newfoundland dog, who, in following the officer up the room, had stopped on the way, tempted by the sight and smell of a delicate *gigot de mouton*, which was visible from the corner of a table occupied by a spruce abbé and an Italian opera dancer, *bien poudré*, and dressed for the ballet of the evening, who were warmly disputing whether a *gigot de mouton fait a la merveille avec sauce piquante*, was or was not preferable to *maccaroni a la parmesan.* In the heat of controversy, the *gigot* was nearly edged off the table by the impetuous abbé ; when impatient Cæsar, thinking a donation was intended for him, snapped at the knuckle of the *gigot*, and with an irresistable pull, brought down dish, mutton, haricot, cloth, and plates, on the extended leg of Signor Scamperoni,and ran growling with the *gigot* in his mouth under his master's chair. Up started the abbé in a rage, vociferating—*Oh ! Morbleu sacristie quel voleur ! Oh ! mon gigot—Voila un infame chien—je voudroi qu'il l'etrangle, villain !*" "*A il mio gambo* (cried the Italian, rubbing his leg)*e rotta, e non piu ballare—cospetto di Bacco! corpo di Christo ! malledetto sia il dog Inglese che ho fatto : A me ! son disfortunato e rovinato !*" Oh my leg ! it's broken, and I shall no longer be able to dance—Oh Bacchus ! body of Christ ! curses alight on the English dog who did the act—Oh Lord ! I'm undone ! I'm ruined !—These exclamations, the clattering of the broken dishes, and the coolness of the dog gnawing the *gigot* under the chair, attracting the attention of the company, created a general laugh at the Signor and his friend, the passionate abbé, the latter crying out furiously, "*pour son chapeau, ses gands, sa canne, le compte, tout etant en desordre ou perdu,*" in the confusion of a crowded room where *la jolie maitresse* at the bar, was too deeply engaged in receiving the *mille attentions* of her admirers, and delivering out bonbons from a *boudoir orné* to attend to any

mishap at a distance; her surrounding gallants pressing her to give them ices *a la creme, a la pistache, de marons glacés, des verres de limonade d'orgeat, de bavaroises, un tasse de caffé, des liqueurs de cannelle, anis girofle noyau de la Martinique, de Mad. Amphon des iles*, and a thousand other etceteras, with which her *joli* cabinet was replenished. This agreeable sonfusion of tongues and discordant sounds, continued till a boy entered the room and disturbed *les petites affishes*, announcing the play of of the evening (wherein *la charmente* Ponteuille was the chief performer) a piece which had a run of several nights, but of which *tout la mande* was still anxious to be spectators. This broke up the sittings, the *amateurs* quitted their seats with alacrity, the *dilittante* hopped off in graceful attitudes, and the *cognoscenti*, after taking their *pousse caffé*, with a grave and dignified air, marched *an spectacle deliheration*. I.

THE LIFE OF CERVANTES.

(Concluded from page 367.)

Cervantes, on his return to Spain, being disgusted with a military life, and determined to devote his time solely to literary pursuits, went to live with his mother, in the pleasing hope of maintaining her by the fruits of his labours. He was then in his thirty-fourth year. His first publication was *Galatea*, of which he printed only the six first books, and which he never finished. This work met with tolerable success. The same year he marrried Donna Catherina de Palacios, a young lady of good family, but no fortune; so that he gained nothing by his marriage, in point of riches. To support his family, he had recourse to writing comedies, which he assures us, succeeded to his wishes. But Cervantes soon left the stage, for a trifling employment which he obtained at Seville, where he went to reside. It was there he wrote those novels, in which the vices of that opulent city are so well described.

When our author had attained his fiftieth year, he was under the necessity of undertaking a journey to La Mancha; when the inhabitants of a small village, named Argamazilla, picked a quarrel with him, and threw him into prison, where he remained a considerable time, during which he began *Don Quixote*. His intention to revenge himself on those who had deprived him of his liberty, by making their country the birth-place of his hero; though he affected not to name the village, in which he had experienced such ill-treatment, once in the whole course of his romance. At first he only published a part of Don Quixote, which did not succeed. Cervantes, knowing mankind, then published a small pamphlet, entitled, *The Serpent*. This work, which it is now impossible to find, even in Spain, appears to have been a critique on *Don Quixote*; and intended to ridicule those who censured that admirable performance. Every body read the satire; and by such a trifle, did *Don Quixote* obtain that reputation which its own intrinsic merit has so amply confirmed.

All the enemies of good taste then spit forth their venom againstCervantes,and spared neither critiques,satires, nor calumny. Rendered more wretched by his success than he had ever been by his disgrace, he was compelled to keep his muse in a state of inactivity for several years. His silence however produced an augmentation of misery, without effecting the smallest diminution of envy. Fortunately, the Count de Lemos, and the Cardinal of Toledo, afforded him some assistance. This protection, of which Cervantes has has spoken in very high terms, was continued to his death; but it never bore any proportion to the merit of its object, nor the riches of his patrons.

Cervantes, eager to display his gratitude to the Count de Lemos, dedicated his *novels* to him which appeared eight years after the first part of Don Quixote. The following year, he published his Journey to Parnassus. But these works were productive of very little emolument; and the assistance which he derived from the Count de Lemos, must have been very inconsiderable,since he was obliged to print, for his subsistence, eight comedies, which the comedians had refused to play.

This unfortunate author appears to have been destined to experience every kind of humiliation. That same year, an Arragonian, who assumed the name of Avellaneda, wrote a continuation of Don Quixote; a pitiful production, wholly destitute of wit, humour, or taste, but replete with invectives against Cervantes; a species of merit, which gained it many readers. The answer of Cervantes was such as should be invariably made to all satires; it was the publication of the second part of Don Quixote, still superior to the first. Every body acknowledged its merit; but the more they were forced to do justice to its author, the less were they sorry to see a contemptible rival insult the man whom they were compelled to admire. Spain, perhaps, is not the only country in the world, where works of merit are decried, and calumny encouraged. As long as Cervantes lived, Avellaneda was read; the moment he died, his enemy was consigned to oblivion.

The second part of Don Quixote, was the last work that was printed during the life of Cervantes. He was employed in writing the romance of Persiles and Sigismunda, when he was attacked by the dropsy of which he died. He was sensible that he could not recover; and being afraid that he should not have time to finish the work he was about, he encreased his disorder, by excessive application. Tranquil and serene at the approach of death, his resolution and philosophy never forsook him for an instant. A few days before he expired, he ordered his romance of Persiles to be brought to him, and wrote, with a feeble hand, the following dedicatory epistle (which is worthy of preservation) to the Count of Lemos, who was just arrived from Italy.

"To Don Pedro Fernandes de Castro, Count de Lemos, &c.

"We have an old Spanish romance, which is but too well adapted to my present state. I mean that which begins with these words:

"Death urges me to depart,
And yet I wish to write to you,"

"Such is exactly my situation: I yesterday received the extreme unction; I am now dying, and am heartily concerned at my inability to tell you what pleasure your arrival in Spain affords me. The joy I experience at this propitious circumstance ought to prolong my life; but God's will be done! Your excellency will at least be convinced that my gratitude has lasted as long as my life. I regret exceedingly the not being able to finish certain works, which I designed for you: such as the Weeks of the Garden; The Great Barnard; and the last books of Galatea, for whom I know you have a partial friendship: but for that, a miracle of the Almighty would be requisite; and I only beseech him to take care of your excellency."

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES.

At Madrid, 19th of April, 1616.

He expired on the twenty-eighth of the same month, in the sixty-ninth year of his age; the very day on which Shakespeare died at Stratford upon Avon.

The man who could conduct himself as Cervantes did at Algiers; who could write Don Quixote; and who, on his death-bed, could indite such a letter as the above; could not be a man *of a common mould.*

G.

VARIETY.

The following lines from Merry's Pains of Memory are warm from the author's heart. He had experienced what he so pathetically paints, and therefore could well lend truth and energy to his description.

But most to him shall memory prove a curse,
Who meets capricious fortune's hand reverse;
Who once in wealth, indulged each gay desire,
While to possess, was only to require:
Who scatter'd bounty with a liberal hand,
And rov'd at will thro' pleasure's flow'ry land.
By ruin cast among the lowly crew,
What doleful visions pass before his view,
His taste, his worth, his wisdom disappear,
His virtues too none notice, none revere;
Cold is the summer friend who lov'd to trace
His playful fancy's ever varying grace:
E'en nature's self a different aspect wears,
Dimm'd by the mists of slow consuming cares.
Glows not a flow'r, nor pants a vernal breeze,
As in his hour of affluence and ease,
While ev'ry luxury that the world displays
Wounds him afresh, and tells of better days.

There is a French saying, *Les petits présens entretiennent l'amitié.* Gifts of little value tend to preserve friendship. The justly celebrated Montesquieu once made a happy application of this saying. Being engaged in a dispute on a matter of fact with one of the Judges of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, his adversary, after many arguments, urged with great energy, said—"Mr. President, if the fact be not as I represent it, I will give you my head." "I accept it," replied Montesquieu; "gifts of little value tend to preserve friendship."

Errata, in the last Companion.

Page 364, for "pittoreauche so", read Pittore anche io.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of INCOGNITUS is rather too grave to join to the serious essay which will still be continued for some weeks. We think too its subject too trite, unless handled in a newer and more forcible manner.

We recommend CLOANTHUS to practice composition, and improve his style and judgment, before he appears in print.

We return our thanks to the friend who favoured us with a long extract from Wolffe's Sketches. Such assistance should really be given, by those who wish for the continuance of the Companion; however trifling the few pages it contains may appear, the labour and anxiety of preparing it, when left entirely to one person, make it so oppressive a burthen, that we sometimes feel our spirits bend beneath the task.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

IMPROMPTU,
TO ELIZA.

You ask me, Eliza, the cause of that sigh,
  Which burst so unconscious from me;
To that question, fair maid, there's no need to reply,
  Ah! canst thou not see 'tis for thee!

Then do not, fair angel, my passion deride,
  Ah, ask not the cause of my pain;
That emotion, which all my attempts cannot hide,
  Sure wants not the tongue to explain.

PHILETUS.

Occasioned by the question—"What do you think of Marriage?"

Oh what is marriage, but to bind
The form, where heaven has fix'd the mind,
With stronger chains confine the heart
And mingle souls no more to part?

Oh! 'tis to charm the voice of care,
Or stamp the fetters of despair;
To bid the heart exulting glow,
Or rend it with severer woe—
A thousand new-born joys to give
To bid new hopes, new raptures live;
Or plunge, the victim of delight,
In sorrow's shades of tenfold night.

Oh! 'tis the source of deep distress,
Yet who shall speak its power to bless,
Who deprecate a boon so dear,
Or fly the charm he dares not fear.
Who will the soul's best bliss forego,
Though haply ting'd with tender woe,
Refuse the interesting plan
Which heaven in mercy form'd for man;
Which wakes through all the expanding mind,
The great, the good, the fair, the kind,
The energetic power that warms,
The soothing sympathy that charms,
The friendship pure that hallows life,
The cordial love, the endearing strife—
Let coward souls alone retreat,
The great, the wise, exulting meet,
And though they bleed from many a dart,
That slightly wound the trembling heart,
Experience many a joy divine
And grateful bless the marriage shrine!

THE QUESTION.

Anonymous.

Why, Oh why this perturbation?
  Why this tumult in my breast?
Why this unknown sweet sensation?
  Charming though it chases rest?
Why this tender soft confusion?
  Why this downcast timid eye?
O'er my cheek why this confusion?
  Why th' unconscious frequent sigh?

Why this trembling fond emotion?
  Why the pulses' maddening play?
Thrilling bosoms? soft commotions?
  Restless nights, and listless days?

Why do crowds no longer please me?
  Why so dear the lonely grove?
Why delight in thoughts that teaze me?
  Tell me, Anna!...is this LOVE?

X ODE OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

If thy frail bark nor rashly brave
The wide-expanding Ocean's wave,
  Nor, timorous of the threatning storm,
The rocks and breakers press too near;
Nor swelling pride, nor eddying fear,
  Will then thy life, my friend! deform.

Who loves, well balanc'd and serene,
Contentment in the golden mean,
  Escapes each wild extreme of woe:
Him nor the cot with sordid fare,
Nor sumptuous mansion's dazzling glare,
  Nor Envy, nor Ambition, know.

The stately pines, that threat the skies,
When tempests in loud fury rise,
  Their rustling heads more deeply bow
High towers in thunder spread the ground;
The bolts glance o'er the lowly mound,
  But last th' aspiring mountain's brow.

The wise, with Hope's all-cheering ray
Gild black Disaster's lowering day,
  And Fortune's smile, suspicious, view:
His all-disposiug hand above,
Which winter brings, will soon remove,
  And vernal gales and suns renew.

The damps, that chill thy breast to-day,
To-morrow's dawn will melt away:
  E'en Phœbus' self sweet change requires;
Aside his favourite bow he flings
Calls on each Muse, the silent strings
  To wake, and animate their lyres.

If crouding ills, a baleful train!
Invade thy mansion, friend, maintain
  A dauntless mien, a soul at ease;
If on thy bark the swelling gale
Too proudly wanton, furl thy sail,
  And ride secure the tossing seas.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.